

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Tuberculosis has been placed among the diseases which are subject to quarantine. The commissioner of immigration has so decided in the case of a Japanese who arrived in San Francisco from Japan ill with lung trouble. It was decided that the patient could not land, but must return to the port from which he sailed.

Archduke Otto, the future emperor of Austria, is an artist of great talent. He possesses his own studio in the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, and divides his time between the headquarters of the cavalry corps which he commands and his studio. The archduke has frequently exhibited his work anonymously, in order that it might stand on its merits and not be favorably criticized because of his rank.

According to a writer in the St. James Gazette, a part of the credit for the wonderful development of Japan in civilization is due to the Empress Haruka. She married the emperor thirty years ago, and, like him, is a strong supporter of western ideas. The emperor is the 121st in his line, and the first who has given his wife a seat at his table and a voice in the national councils. She set the example in abandoning the customs of staining the teeth and shaving the eyebrows.

Diamonds have been found in considerable numbers and of very fine quality in the interior of British Guiana, on the Mazaruni River 250 miles above its junction with the Essequibo. Mr. Moulton, our consul at Demerara, says that the London dealers to whom the stones have been forwarded consider them superior to South African diamonds and equal in quality to those of Brazil. The present diggings are situated in a tropical jungle five miles from the river, and the region is not easily reached. The matrix from which the gems have become scattered is now the object of search.

It is widely supposed that the disease called "appendicitis" was unknown to the medical profession until the last quarter of the present century. But an old London doctor, who writes upon the subject in the Lancet, says there is nothing new about it, except "the name and the treatment." The disease was well described in the older medical books, and was then called "typhilitis." But its real character was rarely verified except by post-mortem examination, whereas modern surgery, with its anesthetic and antiseptic aids, if summoned in time, is able to save nearly every patient who is not exhausted by age or otherwise depleted.

Sir John Murray recently showed how remarkably the Black Sea differs from other seas and oceans. A surface current flows continuously from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, and an under current from the Mediterranean into the Black Sea. The latter current is salt, and, being heavier than the fresh water above, it remains stagnant at the bottom. Being saturated with sulphuretted hydrogen, this water will not maintain life, and so the Black Sea contains no living inhabitants below the depth of about 100 fathoms. The deeper water when brought to the surface smells exactly like rotten eggs.

One of the churches of Chester, Pa., has introduced what is a novelty there—a penny concert. These concerts are held in the church on each Friday evening, being chiefly designed for children. The church has always been crowded on these occasions, both little and big people attending in great numbers. They are charged 1 cent admission to an entertainment that is worth many times more, and which is wholesome and instructive. The smaller children are always given the center seats in front, the larger ones the side seats. It is so distinctively an affair for children that the big people who attend have to content themselves with the back seats if there are any left.

A recent number of The Railway Journal contains a story of a railway ticket which took a sudden journey on its own account. As the north-bound train on the Colorado and Southern road passed one of the stations a passenger in a forward car raised a window, and in an instant his ticket was blown from his hands out of doors. The passenger naturally gave it up for lost, and was very much surprised when the baggage-master handed it to him a little while later. It appears that when the ticket flew through the window a south-bound train was passing. The suction of that train, which was going at a rapid rate, drew the ticket along with it, and as it passed the rear end of the north-bound train it blew into the door of the smoking car. There it was found by the baggage-master.

Professor Campbell of the Lick Observatory reports that the star called Xi Geminorum, which has long been known as a variable, is in reality double, but its two components are so close that no telescope is able to separate them, and their existence is proved by the shifting lines in the spectrum. The variations in brightness, he thinks, can only be due to the attraction between the two stars raising immense tides in their molten or vaporous globes, which, through the effects of compression or otherwise, displace the spectral lines.

SEARS IS SPEAKER

House Members Make Selection Unanimous.

REPUBLICANS ORGANIZE LEGISLATURE

Senator Steele of Jefferson County is Chosen President Pro Tem of the Senate—Several Contests Present to Bother the Lawmakers.

The legislature of Nebraska started the twentieth century off in a proper manner by getting both houses organized New Year's day without a hitch and practically unanimous.

The senate used its old machinery at the start, Lieutenant Governor Gilbert presiding, and the old officers being in their places. With experienced men in charge the organization was perfected without delay. Senator Steele of Jefferson, being the oldest member of the body in point of service, was elected president pro tem.

The senate committee on credentials that was appointed took no note of pending contests. Senator Oleson, republican from Cumming county may have to show the fusionists that he is entitled to his seat, and Senators Ransom and Liddell, fusionists, from Douglas are already confronted with contests. The committee on credentials seated all the members who received a majority on the face of the returns, and who had received certificates of election. The committee was powerless to report on the contests because no official notice of contests is before the senate.

The house session passed along smoothly, nothing out of the ordinary occurring. The elective officers of the house who were elected Monday night in caucus were elected, the fusionists moving the election of a separate list without avail. The members and the officers of the house were sworn in by Chief Justice Norval and they subscribed their names to the oath in accordance with custom.

An unheard of action of the fusionists was the unanimous selection of Mr. Sears for speaker. Politicians say no speaker in the state ever before was elected unanimously. It occurred in a peculiar manner. The secretary of state had not provided printed roll calls and a number of type written ones were made out. These were soon exhausted and when the roll was called on speaker the tabulation of the votes was extended from a roll call that had been used before.

The clerk got confused in calling the names and rather than call the list of names over again or verify the roll call, the fusion candidate for speaker moved to make the selection unanimous. It was a neat compliment to Mr. Sears, if the fusionists intended to place themselves on record as in favor of the republican speaker.

KIDNAPERS MAKE A THREAT

Will Steel Cudady's Daughter If Reward Is Not Withdrawn.

An Omaha, Dec. 31 dispatch says: E. A. Cudady has received a second communication from the men who kidnapped his son. The letter is in the nature of a threat and says in substance that unless he withdraws his offer of \$25,000 reward for the arrest and conviction they will kidnap another of his children, naming one of his daughters.

It is stated that Mrs. Cudady is in a state of nervous anxiety that must lead to collapse unless she can be assured that her little girls will be safely guarded every moment of the day or night. She cannot bear to have them go out of her sight. Ever since the boy was abducted a night watchman has patrolled the yard and a day watchman has always had an eye on the children, yet the whole family is under a severe mental strain that cannot long be endured. It is the consensus of opinion that the bandits feel themselves hard pressed by the detectives else they would not have dared to take the risk of throwing another letter into the Cudady yard, knowing the premises to be patrolled by a trained police officer, nor would the bandits have taken the chances of going to a telephone to notify the Cudady family that another letter awaited them in the front yard.

HIS COACHMAN BRINGS SUIT

New York Publisher Defendant in Sensational Trial.

Joseph Faulkner, proprietor of the Burr printing house, 14 and 18 Jacob street, New York, is defendant in a suit brought in the New York supreme court by Edmund J. Weston, formerly his coachman, for \$50,000 damages, for the alleged alienation of the affections of Weston's wife. Weston charges that a year ago he and his wife were in the employ of Faulkner at his summer home near Danellen, three miles from there. Faulkner made love to Mrs. Weston and alienated her affections. He alleges Faulkner wrote her many letters couched in endearing language.

Lents Will Contest.

Congressman John J. Lentz of Columbus, O., has served formal notice on Congressman-elect Emmett Tompkins that he would contest the latter's seat in the house. Mr. Lentz states that he will base his claim on charges of wholesale bribery and fraud in the count of the ballots.

Has Raised Quarantine.

Dr. Justus O'Hage, health commissioner of St. Paul, Minn., has raised the quarantine against Winona, and intercourse between the two cities is now of its former character.

DONNELLY DEAD.

Noted and Prominent Author and Politician Passes Away Suddenly.

A Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 2 dispatch says: Ignatius Donnelly, author, sage and politician, aged seventy, died at 12:03 this morning.

The eminent Minnesotan was taken suddenly ill last night, while visiting at the home of his father-in-law, Barton Hanson, 3022 Twenty-eighth avenue, south. From the first Mr. Donnelly sank steadily and soon became unconscious. Dr. Murphy was summoned, and when he arrived the sick man was still unconscious. The doctor pronounced it heart failure, and stated early in the evening that there was little chance of the patient's recovery. Later Mr. Donnelly passed away suddenly, surrounded by a number of his relatives. From the first they had understood that he could not live, as he was advanced in years, being nearly seventy years of age, and it was a sorrowful little group that watched by the bedside as the man whose name has brought honor to the state of Minnesota lay gasping out the last faint sparks of life. He died at 12:03 o'clock in the morning, without regaining consciousness.

Ignatius Donnelly, known as "the Sage of Ninigun," has been conspicuous in the political and literary field for many years. Mr. Donnelly came to Minnesota thirty-five years ago, and since that time had been a member of both houses of the state legislature and represented his district in congress.

During his many years in the legislature he was a power. He was an able orator, always had an answer ready and rarely failed to turn the laugh upon his opponent.

Mr. Donnelly was an able and deep thinker. Shakespeare formed one of his most absorbing topics and he was a thorough Shakespearean scholar. His many honors in the literary line have been received and he is famous for his writings.

Mr. Donnelly married about three years ago Miss Hanson, a daughter of Barton Hanson of this city and since that time they have made their home in Minneapolis, although Mr. Donnelly owned several farms where they spent considerable time. He had lived in Hastings and in St. Paul and was widely known throughout the state.

ACCEPTS JOINT NOTE.

China Surprises the World and Asks Cessation of Hostilities.

The Havas agency at Paris, France, has received the following dispatch from Peking:

"Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang have communicated to the foreign envoys an imperial edict in which the emperor declares that China accepts the joint note and recognizes Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang to speak for a suspension of hostilities. Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang, according to another dispatch to the Havas agency, say that Emperor Kwang Su has expressed a desire that the court should return to Peking at the end of February."

A Peking dispatch says: The Chinese plenipotentiaries have been unacceptably ordered to sign the preliminary joint note and have notified the foreign envoys to that effect.

The Chinese themselves are greatly astonished at receiving the imperial instructions.

Neither Li Hung Chang nor Prince Ching had expected success in persuading the court under ten days.

The instructions are to agree fully to the note, but to endeavor to get the best terms possible, particularly the matter of limiting the number of legation guards; also as to the place where these are to be located. The plenipotentiaries are instructed to endeavor to limit the number of army posts along the line of railway to as few as possible and finally to require the powers not to destroy the forts, but merely to disarm them.

The foreign communities in Peking are greatly satisfied at the decided tone of the collective note and the assertion that the powers are determined to entertain no proposals for the modification of their demands. It is understood that Li Hung Chang sent a memorial to the throne, couched in very strong terms, urging complete compliance.

WILL STAY IN JAIL.

Mrs. Nation Demands Trial on Charges Preferred Against Her.

Word comes from Wichita, Kan., that Mrs. Nation, who wrecked the Carey hotel joint has refused the bail secured for her. She now says that under no circumstances will she step out of jail until cleared of the charges against her, and the efforts to secure her release have been abandoned.

A movement has been started by the local W. C. T. U. to impel a special grand jury to investigate the conduct of the city and county officials in permitting the sale of liquors in Wichita. The county jail has been placarded with a quarantine sign. It is said this was done of the officers to keep out Mrs. Nation's friends who have daily visited her in great numbers.

Discovery has been made that Maggie Hoel, who mysteriously disappeared from Pueblo, Col., ten days ago and was supposed to have been murdered or kidnapped, had eloped with a man named John Watson and gone east.

Stonewall J. DeFrance, a noted forger, who was sent to the state prison at Jackson, Mich., from Kalamazoo county in 1894 for eleven years, for defrauding a Kalamazoo bank of several thousand dollars has been paroled by Governor Pingree and will be released Monday morning.

A LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

CHAPTER I.

A large house in one of the most fashionable London squares; an upper room, furnished something between a study and a boudoir; a small fire burning in the grate—for, in spite of the April sunshine, the wind was in the east—and for sole occupant a young girl, whose age was 18, though she looked a little older, perhaps because she had cried till her eyes were hot and swollen, and her cheeks had lost their delicate coloring—a girl who was the daughter of one of the richest commoners in England, and who yet was as unhappy as the poorest wail in London's streets.

Beryl Lindon had no mother. She could just recall a frail, delicate woman, who loved her very much, but who seemed too sad and sorrowful to show her affection. She had been a tiny child when that mother was taken away, and yet she had been quite conscious that, save for leaving her, the tired woman was glad to go. Her mother's love had been taken from Beryl full early, and no other had replaced it.

Mr. Lindon placed his daughter in a private family at the seaside until she was 10 years old, when she was sent to a boarding school in Brussels. Once a year he had called at the school, and had a brief, formal interview with his daughter in the principal's own sanctum; and 12 months ago he had removed Beryl from the select establishment, and brought her to his stately home in Elcheater square.

For one year they had lived together, father and child, yet strangers in heart and feeling; they drew no nearer to each other. Beryl knew perfectly that to the handsome, well-preserved man of the world, still under 50, she was only an encumbrance. He took no trouble to conceal the fact, and his friends took little notice of the shy, frightened-looking girl they thought such a contrast to her fascinating father. She was not "out." It pleased Mr. Lindon to regard her as too young for society, so she had no chance of meeting people more congenial to her than her father's circle. She was terribly lonely, desperately unhappy; but yet, after reading the letter which had come from Mr. Lindon that morning, it seemed to the girl she had never before known what trouble meant, and that if only things could be once more as they were yesterday she would be content.

Her breakfast had gone away untouched—all her meals were served upstairs in her father's absence from home—and she sat over the fire, with a look of such pain on her face as was terrible to see in a girl of 18. Suddenly the door opened, and the housekeeper entered without the ceremony of knocking, unless, indeed, her knock had not penetrated to Beryl's dazed, stunned brain.

Mrs. Markham was a kind, motherly woman, not a lady by birth, but well educated, and with more refinement of feeling than many of her superiors. She had been in Eustace Lindon's employ ever since he took the house in Elcheater square 10 years before.

"I came to speak to you, Miss Beryl," she said gently. "I had strange news from Mr. Lindon this morning, and when Nancy came down and told me you'd not touched your breakfast, I thought perhaps he'd written to you, too."

"Yes, Mrs. Markham. I can't quite take it in, it seems too terrible."

The housekeeper sat down opposite Beryl. She was quite as indignant as the girl could be.

"You see, Miss Beryl, your papa's not an old man—47, I believe—and it's natural he should tire of a lonely life. Perhaps his new wife will make things pleasant for you. You've had but a dull time of it since you left school."

"I shouldn't mind his marrying," said Beryl frankly—"in fact, I think I should be glad; but that he should choose that woman, should put her in my mother's place—it is terrible!"

Mrs. Markham looked bewildered. "Do you mean that the lady is any one we know, Miss Beryl? Mr. Lindon never mentioned her name to me. He only said the wedding would be at once, and he hoped to bring his wife home on May 1."

"He is going to marry Miss Maunders," said Beryl, almost apathetically.

The housekeeper started. When Beryl Lindon first left school a very showy-looking woman was engaged as her maid-companion, Miss Maunders was supposed to walk with Beryl, look after her wardrobe, and make herself generally useful. From the first day of their meeting Beryl took antipathy to the woman. She felt that Miss Maunders was unworthy her trust and confidence, that she had none of the qualifications she professed; and the girl yearned to escape from the companionship she hated.

At last, only three months ago, things came to a crisis, Miss Maunders, whom the household suspected of a liking for stimulants, went into a more violent rage than usual, and actually forgot herself so far as to strike her employer's daughter. At that time Mr. Lindon was away, spending Christmas in the country. Beryl, half beside herself with indignation, appealed to the housekeeper, Mrs. Markham paid Miss Maunders a month's wages and dismissed her on the spot, and she departed, vowing vengeance against Beryl.

And this was the person Mr. Lindon was to make his wife! The housekeeper could hardly credit it.

"Miss Beryl," said Mrs. Markham

slowly, after a long pause, "I simply can't believe it! Are you sure you've made no mistake? Miss Maunders is no more of a lady than I am, or even one of the upper servants, and your papa's a gentleman through and through. It can't be true!"

"You had better read his letter," said Beryl simply. "There seems no reason for doubting it."

CHAPTER II.

It was a very brief letter, written on the thickest and creamiest of note paper, and barely covering the first page. Few men, let us hope, could have written in such terms to their only child, especially to a motherless daughter.

"Dear Beryl: I shall be married to-morrow to Miss Maunders, and I hope to return with my wife on May 1. You had better make up your mind to show proper respect and obedience to your stepmother, whose authority over you will be complete."

"It's a cruel letter, Miss Beryl," said Mrs. Markham, as she put it back in its envelope, "and may God forgive your father for writing it; but, my dear young lady, depend upon it, it's that woman's work."

Beryl shivered. "Papa never cared for me," she said slowly. "Mrs. Markham, I have never said a word to any one, but I must now or my heart will break. I can never remember his kissing me, or seeming fond of me, even as a little thing."

"Maybe he wanted a son, Miss Beryl; but he'd no right to visit his disappointment on you. There'll be great changes here, for there's not one of my servants will stay here and call Miss Maunders mistress."

"And you will go, too?"

"I wouldn't stay an hour after she came home; but, as it happens, Miss Beryl, I've not my choice. Mr. Lindon has sent me a check for £50 instead of notice, as he says his wife will prefer to be her own housekeeper. I've saved money in the 10 years I've been here, and I don't think I shall take another situation. If I look round, I dare say I can buy the lease and good will of a small lodging house at the seaside reasonably, and that will seem more independent."

Beryl put one thin hand appealingly on the housekeeper's plump arm.

"Mrs. Markham, I can't stay here, I'd rather starve! You know what that woman was before, when she was only a servant. What would she make my life like when she is mistress?"

"My dear, it's a sorry business. Haven't you any relations you could go to for a bit, anybody who would take your part, and just tell Mr. Lindon that before you came back he must guarantee his new wife would treat you properly?"

Beryl shook her head. "I don't think I have a relation in the world."

"Well," confessed Mrs. Markham, "I've been here 10 years, and I've never heard your father mention a relation; but, you see, Miss Beryl, there's the other side. Your mother must have had relations, and her family would be the best people to help you, because, naturally, they'd resent your papa's marriage as much as you do."

"Mamma had no relations," said Beryl. "I'll tell you how I know. The last thing I can remember of her was one day just before she died she begged papa to be kind to me. She said she had been an orphan, and knew how sad it was."

"But she might have had a brother or sister," persisted Mrs. Markham. "Miss Beryl, think quickly over your past life, and try to see if there isn't any one who'd be able to tell you."

"But my past story is so short," said Beryl. "It doesn't want thinking over. I know we lived abroad for a year or two before my mother died. My little sister went first, and mother never got over her loss. I had a nurse who was very good to me. She could have told me all I want to know; but papa sent her away directly after my mother's funeral. I think she went to America."

"Then he took me to a family at Brighton. Doctor Burgess and his wife were not unkind to me; but they had children of their own, and I always felt like the outsider. I know I was quite glad to leave them and go to school."

"Brighton's not a long journey," said Mrs. Markham. "It might be worth while to go and see them."

"I am sure they could tell me nothing. I stayed there till I was 10, and I know Mrs. Burgess told me one day I ought to be very fond of my father because he was the only relation I had in all the world. I think she had known my mother just a little. They were both orphans, and brought up in the same school—a kind of charitable institution."

Mrs. Markham felt in despair of finding any kindred for her young lady.

"There's many would say it was your duty to stay with your father and make the best of things," she went on gravely; "but when I know what that woman is I can't bear to think of you at her mercy."

"If I went away, could my father force me to come back?" asked Beryl. "No. You are of an age when a girl may choose her own home; but if you leave him he can refuse to provide for you."

For the first time that morning a look of hope came into Beryl's beautiful eyes.

"Then I'll get a situation of some

sort, and go to it before he comes home. That will be quite easy."

Quite easy! The housekeeper's kindly heart ached for her. She knew too well how hard it is for a girl with no special talents or qualifications to find a niche, and they had only three weeks. The time was all too short.

"I don't want to encourage you to rebellion, Miss Beryl, and yet I can't bear to think of you at Miss Maunders' mercy. If you've quite made up your mind, my dear young lady, I'll do my best to help you find something."

Hard as posts generally are to find, specially those worth having, it is often comparatively easy to get into a situation at very low remuneration at the beginning of a school term. It happens now and then that principals have failed to settle with any one in the holidays, and have to take the first person who offers rather than begin school short-handed.

Perhaps this explained Beryl's seeming success, for within a week of first answering advertisements she was engaged by Mrs. Tanner of Easthill-on-Sea, as English teacher in her small but select school in that rising watering-place.

The remuneration was to be £5 a term, at which Mrs. Markham sniffed; but the teacher was to have the option of remaining during the holidays, and so would be at no expense for board and lodging.

"I don't altogether like it," said Mrs. Markham, re-reading Mrs. Tanner's letter critically; "but, Miss Beryl, if only you stay a year, you'll be able to demand better terms in another situation, and I think you'd be happier anywhere than here under Miss Maunders' tyranny."

In truth, that lady was now Mrs. Lindon; but both the housekeeper and Beryl continued to speak of her by her maiden name—Mrs. Markham because she grudged her erstwhile subordinate her rise in life, and Beryl because it was painful to her to give her mother's title to a woman she hated.

Mrs. Markham came to see Beryl off, and had her luggage labelled for Easthill; then, when she had put the girl into an empty third-class carriage, she lingered for a few last words.

"Try and put up with things for the year, Miss Beryl, even if all's not as you would like. And if you're in trouble of any kind, my dear, just write to me. My sister will send on your letters any time, and I'd be proud to help you."

"Thank you." The tears were dimming the girl's sweet eyes as she put her head out of the carriage window and kissed the housekeeper warmly. "I shall be grateful to you as long as I live, Mrs. Markham. Without you I could never have managed to escape from Elcheater square, and I think to have stayed there after she came would have killed me!"

The bell sounded, the engine gave a shrill, unearthly sound, meant presumably for a whistle, and the train was off.

Mrs. Markham did not turn away till she could no longer see the white handkerchief Beryl was waving; then there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes.

"God help her, poor little thing, for it seems to me no one else can! It's true enough, as she says, Mr. Lindon never loved her, and now he's married that woman it's as like as not he'd be worse than ever. They say he has 30,000 a year, and a beautiful country seat, yet his daughter is content to work hard for £5 a term. It doesn't seem right, somehow."

And it was not right; but Mrs. Markham did not know one fact which would have explained a good deal that puzzled her. Eustace Lindon had an ugly secret in his past, a dark blot upon his character he would fain hide from all the world. He did not admire Julia Maunders, and he had not the least desire to marry her; but men with a secret, who are leading a double life, have often to pay dearly for the guarding of that secret. It happened that Julia Maunders knew a good deal of Lindon's past life, and the price of her silence was a wedding ring.

(To be continued.)

INVALUABLE GRASS.

A Chinese Bamboo Which Produces Vegetable Opals.

It is the bamboo which furnishes the Chinaman with practically everything he requires through life, from his cradle to his coffin, and that also produces precious stones for him, only the celestial is not aware of the fact, or else attaches no value to it. In some varieties of this invaluable grass a mineral substance composed of lime or silica and potash is frequently discovered, being formed, it is supposed, owing to some kind of disease in the juices or stem of the plant. In the course of time, says the London Mail, this deposit hardens and forms the famous "tabasheer" of the natives, which exactly resembles the opal in appearance, and is, according to Prof. Brewster, of precisely the same character and composition. The Chinese, however, know nothing of its value as a precious stone, but collect tabasheer simply for its supposed medicinal properties. Unfortunately, some of the most finely marked and colored specimens of these vegetable stones are exceedingly fragile. It may be mentioned that in none of the varieties of the bamboo yet raised and found hardy in this country have any traces of a deposit of tabasheer at present been discovered, so that any one who contemplates the establishment of a bamboo plantation in England for the purpose of opal raising is recommended to invest his capital in some other way.

The more a woman understands men the more good time she spends in the kitchen.